



# The Creed of Man



10 0 1

**Chapter 1 by Lucas Cortez**

## CHAPTER 1

A women's scream polluted the air as I trudged threw the bogs of Cadia's jungle. Every step gathering more mud, increasing the weight of my boot. The sound of gunfire echoed round my helmet and slowly descended into the darkness of my suit. The misty panes of my helmet blurred my vision, which masked the sight of blood and chaos. Every bullet deflected off my amour left a sonorous ring, reverberating through my body.

The screams got louder so I assumed that I was getting closer to the compound. Now I could feel the vibrations of the ground as motor shells detonated next to me. Sweat managed to ooze it's way through my porous skin into my helmet.

As entered the compound a rogue shell struck my helmet, cracking the glass. I removed my helmet, the cold breeze almost made the screaming bearable. It's cold, calming hand stroking my face. Spotting a nest of machine guns mounted in a far house I raised my gun. If I fire now, I will be going against what I was raised to believe. But if I don't...

The yellow lightning of gunfire shot from my gun. I closed my eyes and a beautiful field appeared. The sun watching me. In the long, moist grass. The birds sung and the tree's swayed. The singing was a ringing. It was faint to begin with but it turned into a shout, then a shout into a scream. Reality had somehow pierced by perfect world. The sun then fell.

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and the grass then died. The Tree's stopped swaying and the birds stopped singing. I had no choice but to open my eyes.

When I opened my eyes I saw the horror of war. But this time the horror was directed by me. The nest at which I fired was incinerated. Blown into nothing but a pile of hot ash. But lying in the ash lay a innocent child. Tears in his eyes and ash cupped in his hand he wept. Tears reducing the ash to nothing more but a grey puddle. What had I done? What had I become? And is the death of The Emperor really worth the pain we shall cause?

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